



THE New Republic

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From Liberty

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McCARTHYISM: ROVERE IS TOO SANGUINE

A Communication from Karl E. Meyer

JUNE 15, 1959

25 cents



Washington Wire

It's Not the Law

HAS A MAN the Federal right not to be lynched? In a good many states lynching is regarded as a rather serious crime. But from the Federal viewpoint little can be done, it appears. FBI men went into the Mack Parker case in Mississippi. They reportedly discovered the lynchers. Then they withdrew without naming them. You see no Federal law had been violated.

Now if this had been *robbery*, things would have been different. Only in April the Supreme Court, 5 to 4, decided that a defendant under some circumstances could be tried for robbery not once but twice. Robbery is a pretty bad business. The Court made the same ruling in a second case where men were charged with conspiracy to dynamite some Illinois telephone equipment. You see that was a *Federal* offense. After Illinois got through with the dynamiters the Federal government tried them all over again and slapped on stiffer sentences. Some people thought this was double jeopardy, banned as long ago as Magna Carta. But the Supreme Court acted to show the sweeping authority of Federal law.

But lynching? Ah, that is another matter. Mack Parker should have managed to get himself robbed or defrauded, and preferably near a state line. Then the government could have aided him. Where he made his mistake was getting himself *lynched*. A man has no Federal right not to be lynched.

The journalistic rush to go with Nixon to Moscow next month is intense. Besides the large personal Nixon staff there will be all sorts of information officers, translators and hangers-on. Then there are people connected with the US exhibit. Originally it was thought that one plane would hold the crowd; now it is two, and it may well turn out to be three. Whatever the country may think of the affair, most correspondents regard the story as primarily political: it is the

opening of the Nixon Presidential campaign.

Republicans will nominate Nixon or Rockefeller next year. Either, we think, will be well to the left of Eisenhower whose attitude is not so much conservative, perhaps, as simply sterile. Nixon, it will be recalled, joined Labor Secretary Mitchell and former Eisenhower top economic advisor Arthur Burns in advocating a tax cut to try to speed recovery from the 1957-58 recession. This was a bold proposal. Nixon, furthermore, deplored the White House hands-off attitude on civil rights: forthcoming interviews with him (as he pulls gently away from Eisenhower) will emphasize his disagreement with the 5-year Eisenhower failure to endorse the Supreme Court's integration decision.

Unthinkable Confusion

ROCKEFELLER, if nominated, will be the most liberal Republican Presidential candidate in history. Will he get the nomination? Well, the GOP is in a bad fix. Its Gallup Poll rating has dropped to the lowest point of the century. Something drastic seems required. Yet Rockefeller would be bitter medicine. We think that Rocky would be almost unbeatable. This would be particularly true if the Democrats first nominated a conservative-moderate-middle roader (take your pick of epithets) like Symington, Johnson or Kennedy. Democrats are going to have difficulty holding the big liberal swing-vote in any case. The confusion that such a contest implies is simply unthinkable. Fancy a Northern Democratic integrationist running on a ticket headed by Texan Johnson, or ex-Senator Bricker trying to make a comeback with radical Rockefeller!

Toward Coherent Parties

THE FORD FOUNDATION now publishes a study by Princeton political scientist Stephen K. Bailey telling what's wrong with our political parties. They lack continuity, and they don't stand for any-

thing. Since this column has urged the same points for years we naturally applaud. Bailey sees irresistible pressures now forcing rapid changes—shrinking distances, urbanization, the shut-off of immigration and the northern trek of Negroes. Already real national party centers are appearing in Washington, Bailey says, and the Democrats have even set up their revolutionary Advisory Council. Republicans probably will soon follow suit.

Without mentioning Lyndon Johnson by name, Bailey says the two parties in Congress should hold frequent caucuses, that the Congressional leaders should belong to the national advisory council (by whatever name it is called), and that the policy committees of the majority and minority leaders should be truly representative. These are the points Sen. Proxmire (D, Wis.) keeps urging.

But Bailey's chief reform would be broader-based party financing. He thinks that's the path to coherent parties which would act as armies, not mobs. If the central party committee had campaign funds to dispense to local candidates, he feels, the latter wouldn't be captives of local pressure groups; sometimes they could think nationally, not locally. He would make a lot of other changes like lengthening Representatives' two-year terms to four years, and repealing the two-term limitation on Presidents ("madness," he calls it). But primarily what this country needs, Bailey says, is day-in-day-out nation-wide competition of two responsible, coherent parties.

Notes

EXCEPT for the fact that peace or war may hang on it, the Geneva story has been dreadfully dull. One encouraging fact is that the formal plenary sessions are now dropped and real negotiation has begun with secret diplomacy. Many of the special correspondents have come home. With these two developments maybe things will pick up a bit.

"Why do we have a \$260 billion debt?" General Eisenhower, September 18, 1952, Davenport, Iowa. "My goal is to cut Federal spending to something like \$60 billion within four years." October 2, 1952, Peoria, Illinois.

With a \$12 billion deficit, President Eisenhower in his sixth fiscal year is asking Congress to raise the Federal debt limit to around \$295 billion.

T.R.B.

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GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor & Publisher*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*
SELIG S. HARRISON, *Associate Editor*
ROBERT EVETT, *Book & Music Editor*
F. R. RUSKIN, *Asst. to the Publisher*
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, James E. King, Jr., Helen Hill Miller, Michael Straight

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Correspondence

► The Case of Strauss

SIRS:

YOUR lead editorial of June 8 on Lewis Strauss contains the most tortured logic which is likely to appear in print this season. It entirely ignores the essential point in the opposition to his confirmation. It makes another and equally

(Continued on page 23)

Fulbright and Bowles

IN THE AFTERMATH of the Korean War two different objectives got thoroughly mixed up. The shock of the Communist attack and our consequent fear that the Soviet Union had on its agenda a whole series of Asian aggressions gave rise to the first objective: deter Communist expansion through military holding operations along the perimeter of the Sino-Soviet world. But at the same time, our awakening to the new economic and political ambitions of the less-developed countries prompted a second objective: bolster certain ruling elites by giving or lending them development dollars.

These dual aims have not always run in tandem; they have pulled in opposite directions. You can only load so much on a rickshaw or an ox-cart; after that it breaks down. Even with US "defense support," most of the impoverished Asian nations to whom a large part of our military assistance has gone have been unable even to begin laying a firm foundation for national economic growth. And on our side, the preponderant place given in our annual aid appropriations to military aid has meant a corresponding neglect of the need of the less-developed countries for development capital.

Year after year, many in Congress who have questioned the utility of buying allies primarily with weapons and defense training programs, while downgrading the long-term problems of economic growth, have been immobilized. They have feared that to demand a major shift in emphasis would fan the latent isolationism which threatens all "aid," including the new Development Loan Fund. With great misgivings, these Congressional critics have gone along with Administration requests and have made it possible to beat back Southern Democrats and right-wing Republicans who oppose foreign aid merely because it is foreign. This year, however, there has been a change, and largely because of two exceptional men in the Congress who are exercising leadership which promises, or at least foreshadows, some over-due changes in our military assistance program without accompanying cuts on the economic side.

As Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Fulbright has introduced amendments to the Mutual Security legislation which would put the Development Loan Fund on a five-year operating basis with an annual lending capacity of \$1.5 billion, and would at the same time explicitly require State Department participation in the formulation of military aid decisions at all stages. Senator Fulbright's initiative, co-sponsored by Senators Humphrey and Kennedy, is one of the most constructive in years. But it runs counter to Administration thinking, which dislikes both the size of this commitment and the fact that it would give long-term borrowing authority to the DLF—thus by-passing annual Congressional appropriations. The President, having previously given lip-service to the idea of long-term planning of our aid program, now says he is against Mr. Fulbright's amendments, explaining in his characteristically muddled way that: "Exactly the way the money is going to come out through it, get into it

and so on has got to be studied. I would not favor just borrowing without going through appropriations committee for that system."

Fulbright's leadership might only have been a gesture made in the hope of educating public opinion in the absence of corresponding leadership in the House, traditionally the more hostile of the two chambers to all foreign aid requests. But House leadership has come from newly-elected Rep. Chester Bowles who has been quietly at work explaining his views to his colleagues on the Foreign Affairs Committee. When the show-down came last week, Bowles had carried them with him by a three-to-one margin. As a former Ambassador to India who was rumored in 1956 to be Adlai Stevenson's choice for Secretary of State, Mr. Bowles speaks with an authority on foreign affairs seldom encountered in the House. He speaks, moreover, with some degree of certainty on matters about which most House members have no firm, thought-out opinion. Rep. Walter Judd (R, Minn.), who in the past has had his way for the same reason, has discovered that the mind of the Committee is no longer his to make up.

What Bowles and his supporters wrote into the aid legislation was first of all an increase (of \$100 million) rather than a cut in the President's \$700 million request for the DLF. As reported out of Committee, the legislation also places upon the President responsibility for determining specifically, case by case, that military aid grants to a particular country "are limited to those of a type and in amounts appropriate to" resisting Communist aggression or subversion, and that they do not,

overburden the economy . . . in such a way as to create internal instability, nor strain its relations with its non-Communist neighboring nations in such a way as to create regional instability which may overbalance the benefits of the protection . . . against the external danger.

The reference to "non-Communist neighboring nations" is addressed primarily to Middle East rivalries (Israel-Arab and intra-Arab) and to the fact that India has an excuse for its own stepped-up defense spending in US military aid going to Pakistan. "Amounts" refers to the oversize force levels of most military aid recipients, and "type" is a pointed jibe at the jet planes given purely for political reasons—as in the case of Haile Selassie.

Although the House Appropriations Committee has yet to be heard from (and it is the most determined enemy of foreign aid), the action of the Foreign Affairs Committee provides considerable protection against any radical emasculation of the Loan Fund appropriation. And although the Bowles amendments do little more than exhort the President, this in itself is an unusual step and places the Administration on notice that unless it applies the standards for review suggested by the Committee, it can be held to account at a later date.

By comparison to the approach of Senator Fulbright

and Representative Bowles, the suggestion of Senator Mansfield that all "defense support" grants should be terminated within three years has little to commend it. Military aid should be available as one instrument of foreign policy, and it should not be terminated in any across-the-board manner. Nor do we understand why "defense support" should be cut off at a certain date independently of what is done about military hardware deliveries. Fulbright and Bowles appear to recognize this. More importantly, they recognize that a foreign aid program is here to stay, that it ought not to ricochet blindly from crisis to crisis, and that it must be built upon realistic, long-term estimates of future needs.

Congress on Defense

THE RIGHT of Congress to inquire fully into the adequacy and economy of the national defense is not subject to question. But the tendency of the two houses, evident the past several weeks, to shoulder responsibility for resolving inter-service disputes and to enforce decisions determining the future composition of the national defense gives cause for concern. The best that can be said for it is that the failures of the Administration to present a convincing case for its defense budget in some particulars invites revision by Congress.

The House last week passed the Defense Appropriations Act for the fiscal year beginning the first of July, after reducing the totals requested by the Administration by nearly \$400 million. More significant than the net reduction, however, were the shifts in expenditures upon which the House decided. Indeed, the House added \$779 million not requested by the Administration, and made cuts totalling \$1,179,661,000. Reductions in operations and procurement appropriations to all services, plus \$100 million for aircraft modification for which the Air Force apparently did not make a good argument, account for the net reductions in the Administration's requests. The remainder of the changes largely reflect Congressional determination to control planning for the defense of this country. Thus the House demonstrated that it wants increased emphasis upon anti-submarine warfare, upon the long-range missiles (Atlas and Minuteman), and upon development of the anti-missile missile (Nike-Zeus). Additions for these purposes, plus the probably futile gesture of imposing a floor of 400,000 on manpower for the National Guard and 300,000 for the Organized Reserve, make up the bulk of the increases. At the same time, the House decided that the Navy should not lay down another attack carrier of the *Forrestal* class, that the Air Force should not continue the development of the Mace (the successor to the Matador, a medium-range air-breathing cruise missile), and that development of the latter service's anti-aircraft missile, the Bomarc,

should be curtailed in significant degree.

One may be less than satisfied with the Administration's defense plan, without believing that Congress is an appropriate body to fashion an alternative plan. Cutting here and adding there among a number of critical items can only rob the Defense Department of its basic responsibilities, transfer the arena of inter-service conflict to Capitol Hill, and, in the end, subordinate the security of the country to great domestic political pressures. Aside from policing the defense expenditures to minimize the waste and abuse to which they are prone and occasionally imposing a punitive cut upon a particular item to demonstrate its conviction that the item has not been properly justified, Congress certainly does have to have some way of expressing the uneasiness, currently so widespread, regarding the adequacy and suitability of our defenses. The question is how this might properly be done. A more appropriate device than the one this Congress employs would seem to be that resorted to several years ago when additional funds were voted for the purchase of strategic bombers, and last year when Congress offered the Administration additional appropriations for conventional forces suited to limited war. The precedent is well established that the Administration cannot be compelled to expend these additional funds, but the fact that they are voted serves notice upon the Commander-in-Chief that his plans do not enjoy the full confidence of the people.

Geneva—Still There

OUR READING of the "news" from Geneva is that for four weeks journalists have been the most important people in the world, since for that time the leading statesmen of the world were staging a show largely for their benefit. *The New York Times* used almost 150,000 words (or roughly 3,266 column inches—not including editorials and photographs) to cover the first 21 days of the conference, which was a miracle of inventiveness.

Yet despite the generosity of the coverage, it remains difficult to make any sense out of what is happening. If progress is being made toward a new four-power statute for Berlin, it is being made under the surface. And that is perhaps the only way diplomatic progress is ever made. The public has been long bemused by the illusion, which has caused it to put so much pressure on our Western governments, that the best way to settle international problems is by highly-publicized, top-level meetings. These sub-Summit talks may be helping to demonstrate that more can be done behind closed doors than by strutting on the stage. The klieg lights in Geneva should not blind us to the fact that any time the Russians want to negotiate with the US, there is an able ambassador in Moscow called Thompson who is available for any number of quiet meetings with Mr. Gromyko and who can keep French, British and German colleagues informed.

Hold that Tiger!

IN NEW YORK CITY this is an exceptionally favorable year to be an insurgent Democrat. Carmine de Sapio's repetition of Thomas Dewey's feat of snatching defeat from the very jaws of victory in last year's Senatorial and Gubernatorial elections involving Frank Hogan and Averell Harriman has seriously damaged his prestige and reputation for political sagacity. Another encouraging sign is the already demonstrated capacity of reform groups to win elections. In the 7th Assembly District, centering around Columbia University, a reform club which was elected two years ago has demonstrated by its active housing program and its exceptionally scrupulous attitude toward patronage that a reform club does not inevitably become "regular" at the moment of winning.

It and the older Lexington Club on the east side are good models for reformers. (It should be noted parenthetically that not all insurgents are reformers: some are disgruntled factions within regular clubs whose election would substitute one Tammany group for another.)

Finally, young reform groups can call on the aid of two new organizations formed specifically to aid them. Mrs. Roosevelt, Thomas K. Finletter, who was denied the Senatorial nomination last fall by Tammany, and Herbert Lehman have organized the New York Committee for Democratic Voters. Although the Committee seems more interested in policy statements than in direct political action, it has made its three big names generously available to new groups—a valuable aid in raising funds, increasing attendance at rallies and giving prestige to the reformers. The hundreds who come to see Mrs. Roosevelt may stay to join the club that sponsored her. The Committee has also raised and disbursed some funds. A second group, the Council of New York Democrats, devotes itself largely to the practical aid of local political clubs, guiding them through the intricacies of the local election laws, helping them organize their campaigns and offering technical assistance of other kinds. Like the Committee, the Council has made some grants to groups it favors. The two groups may combine after the fall primaries.

What does this combination of de Sapio's declining prestige, the demonstrated success of two reform clubs and the assistance of names and money add up to? Not, probably, to the imminent displacement of Mr. de Sapio as Democratic County Leader. With the notable exception of William Pitts Ryan, the successful leader in the 7th AD, few of the reform leaders have so far demonstrated the political charm and adroitness which local politics even more than national politics demands. As for the dreary work of canvassing, there is some danger that too few will volunteer: Reformers are frequently better at defining the issues than at getting out the

vote. Yet, unless all segments of the community are reached, the Tammany Clubs will win by drawing their hard core of dependable voters to the polls.

At the moment the probabilities seem to be that the two existing reform clubs—the Lexington Democrats and the Riverside Democrats—will be returned to office in the election of District leaders on September 15, although the latter in particular faces a hard fight. In another district, the Fifth North, a vigorous new club has an excellent prospect of victory. Still another reform group in the Eighth North enjoys fair prospects in the September election. Finally, in Greenwich Village, base of the fiercest tiger of them all, the Village Independent Democrats, who are running a stronger candidate this year than in 1957, stand an outside chance of licking Carmine de Sapio himself. But even if this prognosis is fulfilled, reform votes on the County Committee will still fall far short of the $8\frac{1}{3}$ which constitute a majority. Nevertheless, the reform bloc would be large enough to encourage waverers on the Democratic County Committee and push Mr. de Sapio, who is nothing if not realistic, toward desirable reforms in Democratic organization, better patronage practices and the nomination of more liberal candidates for public office.

Blue Chips for Mr. Chips

LAST DECEMBER the National Council of Independent Schools released the findings of a study of 63 boys' boarding schools which showed that the median salary of the teaching staff for the current academic year is \$4,100. That went a long way toward explaining why so many who can teach, don't.

The magnetism which has been drawing good teachers away from teaching and into research or administration has been wanly regarded as regrettable for a long time; but now someone has done something to counter it. The Donner Foundation of Philadelphia has made grants totalling \$1.8 million to six private boys' preparatory schools to enable them to establish one post each, whose incumbent shall be engaged in teaching rather than other forms of academic activity, with a salary of \$12,000.

The new availability of even a few substantial salaries is expected to have a triple effect: it will act as a financial lever on the general level of prep school salaries; it will provide incentive to remain and to excel in the secondary-school teaching profession comparable to that of the competition for the headmasterships of the ranking public schools in England; and it will give general public visibility to the importance of having the best students of the coming generation taught by some of the best, rather than the second-best of the current generation. When the chips are down, it will be recognized that Mr. Chips, the man who finds men while others are finding facts, is a national asset.

Strauss and Anti-Semitism

SENATOR HUGH SCOTT (R, Pa.) made an ass of himself last week and did a disservice to the country when he undertook on the floor of the Senate to draw an analogy between the confirmation troubles of Lewis L. Strauss and the infamous Dreyfus prosecution, which nearly tore the French Republic asunder around the turn of the century. Forebodings of anti-Semitism were simultaneously voiced by a Strauss supporter in the House. Previously, the charge of McCarthyism had been levelled at Mr. Strauss' opponents. This is all ridiculous, as well as pernicious, since one sure way to play into the hands of remaining McCarthyites, and of the anti-Semites who seem always to be with us, is to sound the alarm at a time when they are nowhere near the gates.

We said last week that in our opinion reasonable men may differ on the question of whether the Presidential prerogative in the appointment of Cabinet officers should or should not be respected in this case. We believe it should be and are unpersuaded that Mr. Strauss' presence in the Cabinet during the months left to this Administration would seriously endanger the Republic. But at the same time it must be repeated that the case against Mr. Strauss is powerful and has nothing to do with anti-Semitism or McCarthyism. Senators who vote against confirming this officious and overbearing man will do so because he was the chief author of the lamentable proceedings by which the government was deprived of the services of J. Robert Oppenheimer; because he was principally responsible for the Dixon-Yates mess and hasn't repented of it to this day; because he appears often to have dealt less than candidly with Congress; because, in sum (and this is a political judgment, to be sure, but a legitimate one, if the Senate's confirming function is to have any meaning), he has been egregiously wrong in the past and promises to be so in the future.

Fashion Note

ATTENTION is invited to an advertisement by Paul Murtaugh Associates in the *New York Times Magazine* of May 31. It is headed "Afrika Korps Desert Cap," with a drawing of a stalwart Aryan fellow wearing one of the caps (without swastika). The text:

At last, available in the US—the jaunty rugged-looking *Afrika* style cap with soaring uplift front and dashing "forward look" lines. First created in the Austrian Alps, then made world-famous by the notorious Afrika Korps, this masculine height-building cap is worn throughout Western Europe for both work and play. Its long visor and high style combine usefulness and looks in a way not yet achieved by our own sport caps. Now being worn by style leaders all over America—for beach, golf, motoring, boating, etc.

Adenauer's Latest, Loneliest Decision

Bonn

IT HAD BECOME apparent weeks ago that the struggle between Adenauer and his Christian Democratic Party over the question as to who should become the next Federal German Chancellor was liable to enter a serious phase. Neither the Chancellor nor his party would give way—with Adenauer backing his Finance Minister, Franz Etzel, and the great majority of the party sticking to its natural candidate, the Federal Minister of Economics, Professor Erhard. Ultimately it is the members of the Bundestag who elect a new Chancellor. It was therefore justifiable to assume that the party would win through, as long as it remained firm.

Adenauer evidently took his momentous decision to reverse his intention of standing for the Federal Presidency on July 1, and thus to remain Chancellor, on June 3. On that day he wrote a letter to the Chairman of the Parliamentary Party of the CDU in those terms. Dr. Krone went to see him in a last minute attempt to dissuade him. So did the CDU leader in the Bundesrat, or Federal Upper House, Herr von Hassel.

The timing of Adenauer's demarche has a special interest. His closest confidant, the Secretary of State in the Chancellory, Hans Globke, was away on holiday. Dr. Globke was known to have favored the candidature of Erhard. But Erhard was away too. He was interviewing President Eisenhower in the White House on the day, June 5, that Adenauer confirmed his intention of remaining Chancellor. With both Globke—who has been the Chancellor's Father Confessor within a restricted field of administration, arrangement and political expertise—and Erhard out of the way, Adenauer took a political plunge which threatens to wreck his own political reputation, undermine the prestige of his party and damage the democratic Federal German state.

Adenauer may indeed not have been the best man to become President. But how can he now justify switching Etzel from being Pretender to Chancellor to being Pretender to President? Etzel is virtually unknown to the German public. He is a technician, with a technician's precise mind (his fields are finance and European economics).

Adenauer preferred Etzel as candidate for the Chancellory because he thought he was limited in outlook and ready to accept guidance. A pliant Chancellor would have enabled a "strong" President such as Adenauer to exercise real political influence. Such a President would not merely assert his right to attend Cabinet meetings; he would dominate them. He would not merely nominate the next Chancellor; he would force his own selection on the majority of the Bundestag. He would not merely play the role of elder statesman; he would prolong the "Adenauer era" for a second, 10-year span.

Then on June 5 Adenauer told the Cabinet, the

executive of the Christian Democratic Party and its Parliamentary members that he had taken an "unalterable" decision to remain Chancellor. A Chancellory spokesman was asked, after the Cabinet meeting, if anything else had transpired at it. "Of course not," was his answer; "naturally there was no discussion." He did not see anything funny in his own remark.

There is, of course, something to be said on Adenauer's side. He can scarcely have been heartened by the results so far achieved at the Foreign Ministers Conference in Geneva. He cannot view a Summit Conference with any optimism. He misses Mr. Dulles, whose sturdy persistence was an admirable foil to his own Jesuitical cunning. He was evidently depressed by President Eisenhower's state of health. He distrusts Macmillan (for he loathes facetiousness, even when it is equivalent to real wit), and he accepts the blood-brotherhood of de Gaulle with certain reservations.

The lack of self-evident leadership in the US offers an excellent excuse to Adenauer for regarding himself as indispensable. The next two years will be very important, perhaps even critical, for Western Germany. At the end of them another Federal election, when an ingenuous German electorate must be convinced all over again that a paternal, patriarchal authority watches over it, ready to nurse it through another four-year span. Adenauer has an almost morbid regard for what he describes as "historical continuity." How can such continuity be preserved, if there are Democrats in power in Washington, Socialists in London, and a worthy, but economics-minded Erhard in Bonn? He—Adenauer—can be the essential link with the next decade in the Western world.

THE DAMAGE done by Adenauer's reversal of his decision to become President is incalculable. The German electorate is bewildered. It had swallowed all the reasons for his retirement from the field of active politics—with an effort. It cannot regurgitate those reasons. The Cabinet and the Christian Democratic Party are now in a chaotic state. Only one Minister and one member of the executive defended Dr. Adenauer's latest and loneliest decision. Other party leaders have said openly that he has made a terrible tactical and psychological error. The Christian Democratic Party may even be split on a geographical basis, for the South German, Christian Social branch of the party is furious. It looked on Erhard as the sure talisman of success at the polls in 1961. The hierarchy of the party has been stood on its head—its willing advice has been utterly disregarded. The Presidency has been treated as a mere pawn in political huckstering of the worst kind. At this moment there is not a single credit in the ledger.

TERENCE PRITIE

A COMMUNICATION

McCarthyism: Rovere

Is Too Sanguine

SIRS:

MAY I beg the hospitality of your pages to comment on Richard Rovere's remarks on Sen. Joseph McCarthy (NR, May 18), remarks which were in part intended to reply to my own rather dour observations on the paralyzing impact of the late Junior Senator on our national life?

Mr. Rovere, on reflecting in tranquillity on the emotions of those zany days, manages to arrive at a comfortable, even benign, conclusion as to the durability of our political fabric. Although McCarthy's impact on our society was "enormous," writes Mr. Rovere, "I am aware of no institutions of any value that disintegrated or fell apart." This in contrast to my own darker musings, which he graciously quotes.

We are all victims of hyperbole, and perhaps Mr. Rovere is right. After all, McCarthy is gone, and the Republic survives. Major Peress is doubtless attending to civilian cavities now; even Senator Kennedy has finally let it be known he considers McCarthy a nogoodnik—and, by the way, whatever *did* happen to Dave Schine?

Still, I wonder if Mr. Rovere is not contributing to a kind of collective self-congratulation which may be as unwarranted as it is premature. This suspicion is strengthened by reading the full text of his admirable book, *Senator Joe McCarthy*.

Thus, in Mr. Rovere's book we find (p. 5), "He held two Presidents captive—or as nearly captive as any two Presidents of the United States have ever been held." Mr. Rovere recalls one vivid instance when he interviewed an important Eisenhower aide in 1953 and, "The mere mention of the Senator from Wisconsin, the mere possibility of being compelled to discuss him, had reduced this sturdy man to jelly."

Later, we learn that McCarthy had organized within the government a "secret seditious cabal" (p. 24) which was comparable in scope to that once organized by the Communists (p. 27). At about this time, McCarthy had acquired the power (p. 29) "to bring the Secretary of the Army to his knees," and Mr. Rovere quotes without dissent a judgment by the *London Times* that McCarthy at one point achieved what General Burgoyne never could—"the surrender of the American Army."

In the State Department, during those weird years, Mr. Rovere notes that Mr. Dulles could write speeches scolding the Russians "but when it came to appointing ambassadors and hiring and firing Department officers, he cleared everything with McLeod, who cleared everything with McCarthy" (pp. 32-33).

According to Mr. Rovere, this was the situation on Capitol Hill: "In the Senate in the early fifties, hardly anyone ever

protested against anything McCarthy did. Hardly anyone dared refuse approbation. . . . The truth is that everyone in the Senate, or just about everyone, was scared stiff of him" (pp. 34-35).

On top of this, Mr. Rovere finds that McCarthy was able to destroy the man who was "surely the least assailable American of his time" (p. 172), the revered General Marshall. After McCarthy's infamous attack, "Marshall was no longer unassailable. No one was" (p. 179).

These are only a few choicer examples chosen from Mr. Rovere's extended chronicle of mayhem. Put another way, Senator McCarthy had proved himself master for a time of what are regarded as among the stoutest institutions in our ordered society, the Presidency, the Army, the State Department, and that greatest of deliberative bodies, the Senate. And to cap it all, McCarthy was able to besmirch ruinously the public reputation of an American who had hitherto been regarded as untouchable.

Mr. Rovere says he is not aware of any institutions of any value that disintegrated or fell apart. But without benefit of a seismograph, can't we detect some groaning tremors in Mr. Rovere's own account of what happened to certain institutions of unquestionable value? Is it any wonder, then, that certain innovations in our way of life which McCarthy symbolized remain encrusted, or better, indissolubly wedded to our institutions? I refer to the Attorney-General's subversive organization list, to our various Congressional Torquemadas, to the far-flung loyalty-security system, and to the loyalty oaths which blemish our country like a multiplying crop of indestructible crab grass. McCarthy, to be sure, was not responsible for all these developments, but his rise gave evidence to the powerful emotional appeal which the various political tests had, and the memory of that appeal makes the innovations still an untouchable part of our public life. If conditions now are far saner, it is due more to our federal courts than to anything done by Congress or the Administration.

Elsewhere, Mr. Rovere objects to the assertion that McCarthy was an adventurer armed mainly (so it seemed) by the timidity of his victims. "Some of his victims were timid," concludes Mr. Rovere, "some were not."

Well, just so. This is safely beyond dispute, as is Mr. Rovere's reminder that it was not the timidity of General Marshall that made the General notable among victims. But what was the name of that fellow who tremulously expunged a reference praising his old comrade in arms from a speech prepared for delivery in McCarthy's home state?

Put in other words, McCarthy's targets could be regarded as individuals only in a narrow sense. The larger targets were great and prized national institutions, such as the Presidency, the State Department, the Army and the Senate.

Although Secretary of State Dean Acheson did to his credit put up something of a scrap, his Republican successor was craven in surrendering subordinates to the mercies of the ex-officio Secretary from Wisconsin. As to the Presidency and

the Senate, Mr. Rovere makes this judgment (p. 167): "If his fellow Senators had been ready to challenge each mendacity, or if either of the two Presidents of his day had been willing to denounce him regularly, it would have worked [*i.e.* the Senator's lies would have been exposed]. But that was not to be."

Indeed it wasn't, and that lamentable circumstance is the darkest part of the McCarthy saga, something which properly ought to stir a little anxiety about the future. McCarthy was, as I think Mr. Rovere rightly observes, a flawed demagogue whose inner deficiencies contributed as much to his downfall as anything that was done to him. Will the country be so lucky again? Or will the same powerful groups that, with dismaying cynicism, sought to use McCarthy for their own ends embrace a later demagogue just as warmly and uncritically? And will our leaders find their tongues the next time, if it should ever come, before a more inspired seditious

ist discovers ways to silence them permanently?

Perhaps this is too gloomy a reflection in this moment of relaxed geniality and contented retrospection. Still, isn't it worth considering what might have happened if the Democrats had not won the 1954 Congressional elections and thus unseated McCarthy from the chairmanship of the Governmental Operations Committee? Would the Senate, which had waited so long to administer a mild (and merely verbal) slap at McCarthy, have tampered with the hallowed seniority system and stripped McCarthy of his chairmanship? Would McCarthy have fallen quite so swiftly if he had retained the Zeus-like power to shower subpoenas on government clerks and bemedaled generals?

KARL E. MEYER

MR. MEYER, a member of the editorial staff of the Washington Post, investigated Senator McCarthy's career during graduate study at Princeton University.

Guinea—Balance Wheel in West Africa?

THERE WAS a time during World War II when it was quite possible to believe the old axiom that if you sat long enough on the terrace of the old Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, you would eventually see every friend you had ever known. In recent months, an obscure hotel on the West coast of Africa has taken on a strikingly similar atmosphere of impending adventure. It is the Hotel de France, principal meeting-place of itinerants in Conakry, Guinea, which has unexpectedly become the chief African focal point in the Cold War. Here, on almost any evening, you may find yourself sipping an *aperitif* with a Norwegian shipowner attempting to trade shipping rights for bauxite, a Belgian industrialist negotiating for diamond-mining privileges, an American seeking a soft drink concession, a Czech arms specialist, a delegation of East German traders, the chief of a West German medical good will mission, or an Israeli agricultural expert. They, and many more, come to see what profitable role there may be for them to play in filling the yawning gap created in Guinea's economy when France abruptly pulled out, bag and baggage, after Guinea voted a decisive "non" in the constitutional referendum of last September 28. There is a frontier-like atmosphere in this crowded hotel, enhanced from time to time by a loud blast of radio music, as the ebullient Director of Radio Conakry—dining with a friend—turns on the portable receiver which he always carries with him "just to keep a check on what the boys back at the station are doing." (The state radio, newly equipped with a powerful transmitter from Czechoslovakia, plays an especially important role among Guinea's 2,250,000

inhabitants, for the literacy rate is low and there are no newspapers.)

Although the Guinea situation offers just the kind of free-wheeling economic contest which American experts have been envisioning for some time as the most fortuitous turn which the Cold War could take in the African-Asian area, the United States has so far failed to exploit the opportunities offered here. There are Americans operating in Guinea—the FRIA combine, one of the two major concerns which have set out to exploit the country's impressive bauxite resources, has a 53.6 percent component of American capital (*i.e.*, Olin Mathieson, whose total investment in the project will probably amount to \$137 million); other American businessmen, drawn by Guinea's liberal treatment of foreign investors, are poking around for opportunities. But the US Government has done nothing to encourage them, and continues to tread water in its relations with Sékou Touré's regime.

Washington waited several months, until most other nations had recognized Guinea's independence, before extending official recognition. Even now, our diplomatic mission in Conakry consists of a middle-grade *Chargé d'Affaires*, who keeps his office in a small rear room of the Texaco Company's headquarters. He rooms at the Hotel de France, yet manages to isolate himself from most of the goings-on in the lobby. Only on May 28 did the White House send to Congress the name of an Ambassador designate for the Conakry post; he is the president of a small Negro college in the South.

Guinean officials observe bitterly that, despite repeated



President Toure with Prime Minister Nkrumah at time of announced union between Ghana and Guinea

public and private bids for a gesture of US friendship, none had been forthcoming until last week's invitation to Touré to visit Washington. A Guinean request for US arms, relayed through President Tubman of Liberia to Washington in November, 1958, was never acknowledged. Sékou Touré, angered by the shocked attitude of the Western press toward his acceptance of a gift of Czech arms in April, 1959, publicly recounted his efforts to get US assistance to a *New York Times* correspondent recently. Queried on this point, State Department officials were subsequently quoted by the *Times* as saying that Washington did not acknowledge the informal Guinean request since it was relayed through a third party, and the US does not usually regard it as advisable to handle its assistance programs through third parties. Washington, it was explained, had been waiting for a formal request from the Guinea Government. The statement does not mention that Washington had not yet recognized the Government of Guinea in November, 1958. The whole incident succeeded in miffing not only the Guineans but also the Liberians, who took decided affront at a State Department comment, in the same interview, ascribing the misunderstanding surrounding the arms matter to language difficulties and the inexperience of Africans in the ways of government. The Liberians speak only English.

Arms, in the case of Guinea, are not a prestige item at this time but a necessity. When the French left abruptly in the fall of 1958, they left Guinea's 2,000-man army with literally no equipment to maintain internal order. Indeed, say the Guineans, the French administration stripped government offices of furniture, bathroom fittings and sometimes windowpanes, even confiscated as French property the uniforms off the backs and shoes off the feet of Guinea's police force. Although

Guinea has enough bauxite and other minerals underground to warrant an optimistic long-term economic prognosis, the immediate financial situation faced by Sékou Touré has been very critical. The French left the Treasury empty (for several years Guinea has operated at a considerable deficit, customarily made up by France), and withdrew an annual subsidy of \$16.5 million for administrative and military expenses. FIDES, the French overseas development plan, also ceased to operate in Guinea when the state elected immediate independence. Experts estimate that it will take at least a decade of heavy outside economic and technical assistance before Guinea's mineral wealth can be translated into financial solvency. For the moment, Touré has been bailed out by a \$28 million loan from Ghana.

The severity of the French attitude was partly sour grapes toward Touré, but it was also believed tactically necessary to demonstrate to the 12 French African territories which had voted for membership in the French Community that they had made the right decision. While Paris is now again on speaking terms with the Conakry regime, and Guinea will remain, for the time being, in the franc zone, French policy will continue to emphasize that young African states have more to gain by remaining in association with France than by going it alone.

Our past official indecision toward Guinea reflects primarily this country's continuing respect for French sensibilities, and domination of American policymaking by European area specialists. But it also indicates our continuing failure to look over the next hill and to fashion our policies in Africa and Asia to future realities.

TTOURE is one of the most likely candidates to build a cohesive political grouping out of the now-Balkanized states of French West Africa. One of his most important qualifications is that he commands the respect of the younger, radical generation—now in the middle echelons of the national political movements and active in labor, youth and student groups—which African experts are convinced will move within the next five or six years into the leadership positions now largely held by Paris-sponsored conservatives. Touré is an up-from-the-ranks labor leader whose French is unpolished and whose theories of political organization are unabashedly based on Marxist doctrines. But his is an African kind of Marxism, and there is no evidence to suggest that he is a Communist or even a Communist sympathizer. He first rose to prominence in the West African labor movement during the 1940's, when this movement was dominated by the *Confédération Générale de Travail* (CGT), which was in turn dominated by the French Communist Party. In 1955-57, after several abortive earlier starts, Touré successfully led a bitter struggle against the Communist-dominated CGT for an autonomous African labor movement. Seventy-five percent of

all labor organizations in West Africa now belong to the independent *Union Générale des Travailleurs d'Afrique Noire* (UGTAN), which Touré heads. It is not affiliated with either the WFTU or the ICFTU.

Having won a clear-cut victory in his one outright confrontation with the Communists, Touré tends to be very confident that he can handle any political pressures growing out of Guinean acceptance of Communist-bloc economic assistance. He argues that his extensive contact with Communist organizations has made him more sophisticated and less susceptible to Communist appeals.

There is no question but that many of the young radicals now on their way up in West African politics are far more anti-French than Touré and openly sympathetic to Communism. It will require highly-respected non-Communist radical leadership to moderate their anti-French attitude and keep West Africa neutralist over the next decade. If Touré is to play any significant role as a balance wheel, he must first prove that friendly neutralism pays off, *i.e.*, he must make Guinea a politically and economically stable state.

Both Touré and Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah of

Ghana, however questionable some of their authoritarian governing tactics may be by American standards, are moderates in the emerging African contest. Neither could be cajoled or scared into open alignment with the West, but each would prefer to deal primarily with the West. In each instance so far where Touré has accepted bloc assistance on a specific item, he has turned to bloc sources as a second choice. The Guinean president says present US "wait and see" tactics are forcing him into the eager arms of the Communists, since he is in no position, economically speaking, to wait very long for assistance. Or, as one Guinean puts it: "If we're forced to walk with the Devil, it's going to be God's fault."

Given the implications for France of a too-successful Guinea, this poses a ticklish dilemma for the United States. But the long-term stakes are high enough to warrant a new look at our arms-length policy toward Mr. Touré's government. Both our own interests and those of France may be better served when we begin to gear American policies in Africa to what is to be, not what has been.

Bolivia — A Collection of Threats

by JOHN BARR

Oruro, Bolivia

TO ONE LIVING here, more likely than not on the two-mile-high wastes of the Andean *altiplano*—a lumpy overbrowed pancake circled by peeled-potato mountains—the almost daily menaces of revolution, incessant strikes and mob scenes loom so large as to dwarf "Outside World" chatter of Summit talks and H-bomb tests. Yet it is rare indeed that one finds in the world press even a page 11, bottom-of-the-column notice of these crises that here seem so world-shaking.

That the press notices, when they do come—the recent summation of "chaos" in *Time* and the indignant response of the *London Times* to the Bolivian Government's decision to take over the British-owned railway—are welcomed with violence is perhaps explainable both by the nature of the notices and the nature of Bolivia as a peculiarly difficult nation.

The roots of Bolivia's sensitivity to foreign criticism may be found in an historical inferiority founded in a

century of unhappy escapades with her neighbors. The surrender to Chile of the nitrate desert of Atacama and her outlet to the sea; Argentina's seizure of a morsel of the Chaco jungle; Brazil's annexation of the Acre Territory; the inglorious military defeat at the hands of Paraguay in the cruel Chaco Wars of the 1930's; the final disgrace of the long-dominant Bolivian army in the revolution of 1952—these humiliations are ever on the Bolivian conscience, awaiting compensation at the first uncomplimentary phrase from a world which, it seems to Bolivians, has done little but exploit and persecute her.

The past seven years of painful relations, with the United States in particular, and the day-to-day sequence of life in this explainably yet anomalously poor country only reinforce these feelings of historical inferiority.

"Ah . . . in Argentina . . . one *lives* there!" bewails the local dandy.

"My wares are all best quality . . . because they are all imported," the shopkeeper giggles, embarrassed.

"My plans? To get out of Bolivia as soon as possible," the high school senior avers.

"Progress in Bolivia? No such word . . . only another upheaval and a systematic destruction of what has in

JOHN BARR, who is presently an instructor for the University of Maryland Overseas Program at US Air Force bases in England, taught until recently in the Anglo-American College at Oruro, Bolivia.

fact been accomplished since the last revolution," laments the university professor.

Yet these, to whom patriotism and hope for the future of Bolivia are sour jokes, chalk up "Death to the Yankees" signs and stone the US Information Centers at the first whisper of foreign censure.

Why? The US Embassy in La Paz is stocked like a supermarket with every shape and flavor of political experts, all of whom share two characteristics: sincerity and bewilderment. It would, then, be impudent to suggest that an obvious but somehow overlooked solution for this troubled country exists; Bolivia simply does not offer of easy solutions.

HOWEVER, there are at least three considerations which State Department policymakers and most of the press either fail, or simply do not wish, to resolve: the position of the Bolivian Indian outside the nation's economic and political life, the inconsistencies and self-interest of US foreign policy toward Bolivia, and the decadence and unreliability of the Bolivian "ruling class." Until these problems are seriously reviewed, even the beginnings of a solution are unimaginable.

The Bolivian Indian, who composes 52 percent of an underpopulated (3.5 million) country, is treated as a minority group or as no group at all. He is all but entirely outside the machinery of the nation. Until the 1952 take-over by the *Movimiento Nacionalista Revolucionario* ("revolutionary" is a U-word in Bolivia, exciting the same fuzzy conditioned reflexes as "democratic" in the United States), Indians were actually barred from movie houses, parks and cafes of La Paz and the provincial capitals. Even today one finds the Indians "segregated" unofficially to the railway yards (where they seek work as *cargadors*, synonymous in practice with pack animals) and the markets, where they plead to carry staggering burdens on their skinny backs. They are resented by the *cholo* class, of mixed Indian and European blood, who control the lower reaches of the economy—small business, trading and black marketing—and who are fearful of any sign of ambition or progress in the Indian. The "white" minority ruling class, which for so long has controlled the course of Bolivian life, is outright terrified of the Indian and tries to ignore him; a parallel could be found in the attitude of Southern "white trash" to the Negro.

Except for a nominal lowering of the color bar, the Bolivian Government and US assistance have done little or nothing to integrate the Indian into the nation. The United Nations, which has shown a more reasonable approach, particularly in its admirable school for Indian *campesinos* at Playaverde, has begun to awaken the Indian to his rights and responsibilities in society. The UN school, under the very able leadership of a Swedish sociologist, Dr. Arne Bjornberg, is instructing Indian village leaders in Spanish, farming techniques, hygiene;

Point Four has cooperated by introducing the radish and turnip to a barren *altiplano* that has known only quinoa grain and ping-pong-ball potatoes, which are frozen and made into *chuño*, the Indians' main and almost single nourishment. (Point Four's king-sized Idaho potatoes failed to win approval, since they were too large for making *chuño*.)

Attempts to transplant the plateau Indian to the rich, unfarmed lowlands have failed; they have either refused to move, clinging tenaciously to their scrap of 12,000-foot-high desert and tending a few llamas and sheep, or failed to adapt their high-altitude physiques—huge lung development and additional red corpuscles—to the semitropics, contracted disease and died or returned to the *altiplano*. And so 70 percent of the scanty population scrapes away at an unrewarding 30 percent of the country's land area, and the promising lowlands go to waste.

Despite these failures, punctuated by a turtlish progress, the Indian—who is gradually adding Spanish to his Aymara or Quechua—shows signs of interest in joining Bolivian life; gone, or almost gone, are the days when wealthy landowners could take a Sunday jaunt to a plateau village, select whatever livestock they fancied, and depart with them, paying or not, as their whims directed. An anthropological friend, who lives in an Aymara village, predicts an Indian president within the next five years; his expectations are perhaps accelerated, but will be right in the long run. The Indian is not in any way organized, but it is inevitable and necessary that he will finally enter and fully participate in Bolivia's future—but when?

United States aid to Bolivia, a fragment of our unfortunate postwar policy in Latin America as a whole, has failed, and it is little surprising that the US Embassy spokesman in La Paz quoted by *Time* "added up the results and made a wry face, 'We don't have a damn thing to show for it.'" But the lesson which the spokesman and *Time*, by its endorsement of his view, overlooked is that a mountain of dollars (\$130 million since 1952) is not in itself necessarily of more value than a compost heap—indeed, of possibly less value when one considers the infertility of *altiplano* soil. It is *how* the dollars are broken down and distributed—their direction—which matters. And on this point US aid has succeeded only in altering the "Yankee Danger" rallying cries of the Teddy Roosevelt era to the "Yankee Dependence" cries of today.

Because of political fears, the State Department has assisted Bolivia more generously than many a Latin American republic. But the assistance has, in large part, been ill- and mis-directed. Those funds handed over to the Bolivian bureaucracy have never reached their destinations; those administered more directly by the Embassy and Point Four have succeeded only in keeping the population above starvation level (a laudable but too limited aim) and thus less susceptible to the enticements of party-line and Trotskyite Communists who incessantly

agitate in Bolivia. The end-product of the assistance has been to make Bolivia more than ever dependent on the US. More dependent because of the comfortable habit of receiving gifts rather than putting out labor. More dependent because of the failure of the US to encourage industrialization in Bolivia, in order to maintain her as a source of cheap raw materials and as a market for North American manufactured goods. At the same time, US tariffs on such raw materials as lead and zinc—important sources of foreign exchange in Bolivia—have gone a step nearer to disaster by removing even the market for Bolivian raw materials.

Pleas by responsible Bolivians that the nation must be more self-reliant, less dependent on exports of basic minerals, that she must industrialize—these arguments have scarcely received lip-service in Washington, where the shout is "free enterprise" and "no aid to state-controlled operations." But in a country where the per capita annual income is below \$100, the inability of Bolivia to finance her economic development through private capital is quite apparent. Assistance from the Export-Import Bank has been helpful to a point, but with it has gone the rider that the loans are made on condition they are used to buy equipment in the United States, although similar machinery from Europe or Japan may well be cheaper. Private US investors have been discouraged from investment in Bolivia since 1952, because of the socialistic character of the government, and what capital has been invested is almost entirely in the production of raw materials. Add to all this the facts that the United States is still opposed to any project which would fix raw material prices; that she has not encouraged a long-range program for economic development in Latin America; that the State Department, while bandying about pronouncements on "democracy," has encouraged such reactionary figures as Trujillo, Batista, Jiménez, Somoza—and it is not difficult to see why Eisenhower foreign policy in Bolivia, and Latin America as a whole, has fizzled.

BUT even in its more enlightened aspects, US assistance cannot hope to succeed so long as the State Department deals with a frightened and fading "ruling class" that still, somewhat shakily, controls the upper reaches of the economy. Corruption is rampant, and funds poured into Bolivia slip away into the pockets of the opportunistic Top People. La Paz, Cochabamba, Oruro—in parts these cities look like The City in London after the blitz: shells of buildings, rusting metal and rubble, structures never completed because the funds were "inadequate." Or if completed (a hospital without beds, a music conservatory without pianos) unserviceable because, again, the funds were "inadequate." While the personally incorruptible President Siles Zuazo and his party's educational and land reforms are enlightened and sincere, he is thwarted by the uncooperative ruling group that is fearful of losing privileges, horrified by the spectre of a

rising Indian, voracious in its demands for more and more ill-directed US aid, obstinate in its refusal to accept Dr. Siles' leadership and pathetic in its internecine political wars. It is generally accepted in Bolivia that Dr. Siles' authority does not extend beyond the La Paz city limits, and even within those limits he is incessantly challenged by Communists on the left and the right-wing Falange, which again last month drummed up an aborted revolution in an attempt to establish yet another military-dominated dictatorship which, until 1952, was the pattern for Bolivia. Could one blame Dr. Siles if he simply abdicated? A current quip in La Paz tells of troops intercepting him at the airport as he was about to flee at midnight, and strong-arming him back to the presidential palace; it is the probability in this so-far fictional anecdote which makes it more pathetic than hilarious. Dr. Siles cannot hope to succeed until maturity and realism reign in the ruling class, or until that ruling class resigns in favor of a less corrupt and more sincere middle class cut from the *cholos* and Indians.

This discussion has not attempted to claim that a more realistic approach to these three problems would of itself solve the dilemma of Bolivia, this potentially wealthy nation that, for lack of capital and for super-abundance of economic depravity, has so far failed to realize its potential. There is little doubt but what the miners, long-oppressed by Simon Patiño and foreign controllers, have swung too far the other direction and make unreasonable demands for salary increases and fail to consider closing the uneconomic mines; Juan Lechin, popularly known as "The Milkman" (*leche*=milk), is the Jimmy Hoffa of the Andes, and by many is considered the operative president of Bolivia. And the decision in February by the British-owned Bolivia Railway Company—which since 1873 has operated the line from La Paz to Antofagasta, Chile—to cease operations in Bolivia, after years of harassment by the powerful railroad union (which last summer demanded a flat 200 percent increase in wages and refused to consider laying off more than 1,000 totally redundant employees) point up the fact that the labor movement in Bolivia has got out of hand and that labor leaders must show a more conciliatory and just attitude. Also, Bolivia must outgrow the tendency to place faith in miracles: stopgap US aid to balance the budget, new oil wells in the Chaco—with the attendant habit of simply waiting and waiting, hoping rather desperately, tottering from strike to strike, threat to counter-threat, crisis to crisis, with the ever-present possibility of violent revolution.

But until the three problems of the status of Bolivian Indians, misdirected US assistance, and the instability and corruption of the ruling class are reviewed and a more sensible approach laid out, those advances in agrarian reform and educational expansion which have been accomplished since 1952 will mean little, and Bolivia will continue to be more a collection of threats than a country.



The Superficial Aspect

The Flight from Liberty

IT IS MOST unfortunate that the yahoos who butchered the man Parker, in Mississippi, could not have been connected somehow with one of the organizations on the Attorney-General's list of subversives, for in that case the Federal Bureau of Investigation would certainly have found law enough to bring them in. But they are only murderers whose crime gives aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States; and for a long time the FBI has given more of its attention to dangerous thoughts than to dangerous acts. Besides, the victim was a Negro and it is not of record that the Supreme Court asked J. Edgar Hoover's permission before ruling that the equal protection of the law extends to Negroes.

More than that, and worse than that, it did not ask permission of the Camorra of shell-backed Tories now running the American Bar Association; and for its neglect it received an attack as scandalous as anything in the history of the legal profession in this country.

It is probable that the web-footed denizens of the Mississippi swamps who pass for men never heard of the American Bar Association; but it is known to their betters, who can read and who would scorn to appear in person at the scene of a lynching; and any contempt for the law that is harbored by the civilized upper crust of Mississippi is rapidly transmitted down to the amphibians. The latter may not have any idea where the contempt originated, but they are keenly aware of its existence and are encouraged thereby.

When judges render a decision in favor of some unpopular—no doubt deservedly unpopular—person, and the response of elegant ornaments of the bar is to assert, not that the judges are ignorant of the law, but that they are tainted with Communism, the elegant ornaments are actually expressing contempt for the law. If that contempt goes rattling down the social scale and presently is echoed in the bestial roar of a lynching mob, no one should wonder, for the process is natural, not to say inevitable.

The race-hatred that has smeared blood across the name of Mississippi is more nauseating than the undying hatred for the first eight amendments to the Consti-

tution of the United States that has come down from the days of Gouverneur Morris to our own time, but it is not more dangerous. For race-hatred is largely confined to the Great Unwashed whose aroma alone is enough to prevent their ideas from being accepted by the fastidious. But hatred of liberty has its habitat in courts and palaces, and although it has been forced to go disguised in this country, its appeal is still to those who wield influence in high places; and they are hurt and amazed when they are told that this contempt of liberty for the common man is the mother of the revolting practices of the lynching mob.

It is hard to understand how any rational man can defend the way the Mississippi crime was handled, but as far as the state officials are concerned the thing itself can be understood easily enough. They are afraid, first for their jobs, then for their social status, and perhaps even for their lives. But the pussy-footing of the federal authorities is another matter. It is evident that there are considerations in their minds that they are not emphasizing in public. They are undoubtedly aware that the pressure that thus far has prevented the enactment of effective civil rights legislation is not by any means exerted entirely by Ku Kluxers covertly assisted by the spiritual, if not lineal descendants of the slave-masters. A good deal of it comes from other quarters, high on the economic and social scale; and it comes from California and New York, as well as from Alabama and Mississippi. Vigorous and relentless efforts to vindicate the rights of Negroes in Mississippi might set a pattern that would include equally vigorous and relentless efforts to protect the rights of Japanese in California, of coal-miners in Kentucky, and of Communists everywhere.

DO WE REALLY want that? If we do, what is the basis of the complaint against the Supreme Court when it decrees that every man accused of wrongdoing shall have the right to confront the witnesses against him, and that the government shall not restrict the liberty of movement of any American until he shall have been convicted of some offense?

The law is plain enough. The language of the Bill of Rights is simple and unmistakable. Hence if guilt attaches anywhere it is to the law, not to the court that is sworn to enforce it. If anyone is attainted of Communism in this connection it is not Earl Warren and his associates, but George Washington and his associates in the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and in the Congress that submitted the Bill of Rights.

Poplarville, Mississippi, is a name of hideous associations, but if we think it the only relic of barbarism in the country we have studiously ignored the flight from liberty of proper gentlemen much addicted to soap and water, but who none the less spread the effluvium of tyranny around them.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

BOOKS & COMMENT

The Ghost of Tom Paine

by E. M. Halliday

IT is improbable that the 150th anniversary of Tom Paine's death will be widely remembered this month. A single book about him has been published in 1959, and so far as I can learn no commemorative reprints of his works will appear. For despite the acclaim accorded in the history books to *Common Sense* and Paine's other revolutionary pamphlets, his niche in the hall of fame is not a comfortable one. It is dimly recalled that after the heroic days with Washington, Franklin and Jefferson, Paine got into serious trouble in England and had to flee the country; that he spent nearly a year in a Jacobin jail in Paris for somewhat obscure offenses; that finally he came back to America only to involve himself in a tiresome and hopeless controversy about theology. It is not easy to excite great sympathy for Paine by describing his last years, mostly spent in second-rate lodgings in Greenwich Village penning diatribes for the New York Deistical Society. The fact that no respectable cemetery would grant him six feet of empty ground, so that he had to be buried on his own farm at New Rochelle, moves none to tears nowadays; and since his name has been pretty well appropriated by modern infidel societies, some of them in considerable disrepute, it can even be assumed that Theodore Roosevelt spoke for many in describing Paine as a "filthy little atheist."

Whatever his failings (and he was not the habitual drunkard his enemies made him out to be), his mind lost none of its keenness in the last seven years after his return from France. Moreover, he had not turned to religious controversy as a quirk of querulous old age: on the contrary he was more interested than ever in the subject that had absorbed most of his mature energy in America, in England, and in France. That subject was democracy, and the conditions that might make it possible. And he had come to believe that the re-

lation between religion and democracy was a crucial one.

We have reached a point in our history when this relation is again exciting attention. A great many devout Americans now assume some inevitable bond between religion (especially Christianity) and anti-Communism; and thus, by extension, between piety and democracy. School children can no longer swear allegiance to the flag without invoking the name of God, although it is not quite clear how this fits in with the First Amendment to the Constitution. We are also hearing again the old arguments about whether a Roman Catholic can be elected President of the United States; and if elected whether he can be both a good President and a good Catholic?

In these circumstances, it is instructive to look again at the basic questions that intrigued Tom Paine in those last years of his life, and at the answers offered not only by him but by some of the more venerable of the Founding Fathers. Franklin and Jefferson stood with Paine as outright deists; Monroe and Madison were sympathetic; even conservative John Adams felt that a good deal could be said on the side of "natural religion." So it is a curious cultural paradox that this faith of the Enlightenment should have been so soon so completely engulfed by the tide of Christian revivalism that swept the nation in the early years of the 19th Century.

Modern Christian theologians are fond of the thesis that democracy owes much to Christian thought and tradition. It is not an easy thesis to defend in the light of history, but with knowledgeable quotations from Cromwell, Milton, Roger Williams, *et alia* (not to mention from one another) a fairly decent case can be made for one big point: on the whole the Protestant Reformation, by reason of its struggle for individual religious freedom against the authority of a monolithic church, en-

couraged a relatively democratic climate of opinion. There is also the fact, noted by students of American culture from de Tocqueville to Denis Brogan, that Christianity in America has for over a hundred years been more social and secular than doctrinal and other-worldly, which may help explain how a nation theoretically professing to follow the will of God as revealed in the Bible could in actuality follow the will of the majority as expressed in elections, referendums and other manifestations of the democratic political process. And it is a good question whether our secularized American Christianity, instead of "contributing to" American democracy, may not be more a *consequence* of the democratic tradition. For despite the rejection of Paine's deism by 19th-Century America, the 18th-Century ideology on which it was based—natural law, natural morality, and reason—had already become implicit in our great public documents and inextricably woven into our social heritage.

THE reason Paine figured so largely in the religious controversies at the century's end, of course, was that his *Age of Reason* was by far the most powerful and popular statement of deistic principles, and the most devastating attack on Christian dogma. To Paine, Christianity and democracy were hopelessly irreconcilable, and if one was to be saved the other must be abandoned. Men like Paine, Franklin, and Jefferson believed that the God who had created Newton's marvelous world-machine would be most unlikely to express His will to man through the unreliable and unscientific medium of revelation. Such a mode of communication, they felt, was wholly unnecessary; for all of God's great handiwork directly proclaimed His glory and His beneficence. Nature, science, and reason were thus the best possible clues to the will of God, while the claim made by the church for the Bible was entirely spurious. "We can know God," wrote Paine insistently, "only through his works."

This led to a kind of pragmatic hedonism. Far from allowing the Christian doctrine of natural depravity, the deists believed that man was naturally innocent; only false education and leadership could make him corrupt. Human nature, while tolerant of diversity, is itself the measure of good and evil, and

we are to be guided intuitively by "that repugnance we feel in ourselves to bad actions, and the disposition to do good ones." This was not to be, however, a simple matter of giving way to passing impulses; and this is where the deistic emphasis on science became important. Natural morality, Paine declared, must be informed and strengthened by the study of nature—physical, biological, and human. "Every part of science," he wrote,

whether connected with the geometry of the universe, with the systems of animal and vegetable life, or with the properties of inanimate matter, is a text as well for devotion as for philosophy; for gratitude as for human improvement.

The application of all this to politics was obvious; granted that morality is essentially a matter of individual intuition, it was only necessary to add the 18th-Century axiom that "all men are created equal" in order to reach the conclusion that there could be one and only one reasonable criterion for human government—the informed opinion of the majority. In matters indifferent to the general welfare each man could be left to follow his own desire; in matters of common concern the minority, while always free to dissent, must yield to the wishes of the majority. In the final analysis, Paine asserted confidently, "the great mass of the people are invariably just."

Not only did this seem very clear to the democratic deists; it seemed equally

clear that any religion based on revelation, by contrast, could be reconciled only with despotism. If God's will was to be known through some privileged body of documents of dubious historicity, self-contradictory, obscure, and subject to multiple interpretations, the way was open to any self-appointed "authority" to dictate morality (and hence government) to the rest of the people. Inevitably, moreover, various individuals and groups, each utterly convinced that its own notions were an expression of the Divine plan for all mankind, would confront each other with absolute conviction — and with catastrophic results. Thus, Paine demanded,

Whence came all the horrid assassinations of whole nations of men, women, and infants, with which the Bible is filled, and the bloody persecutions and tortures unto death, and religious wars, that since that time have laid Europe in blood and ashes—whence rose they but from this impious thing called revealed religion, and this monstrous belief that God has spoken to man?

Deism as a religion had suffered such an eclipse by the time of Paine's death in 1809 that it is easy to forget how widespread it was in America during the preceding half century, and how much its influence served to shape American democratic tradition. Yet the second part of *The Age of Reason* was written under the roof of James Monroe; and when Jefferson penned the Declaration of Independence some twenty years earlier the matrix of general ideas on

which he relied was identical with that which gave rise to Paine's famous work. For that matter the Constitution itself, despite its conservative rather than revolutionary mood, fitted far better the ideology of natural religion than of revealed. "Whenever the controversy over the Constitution turned on the fundamentals of political philosophy," Ralph Barton Perry once remarked, "it was to the doctrine of natural law and natural rights that all parties appealed."

FOR a while it looked as if Paine's view might triumph. *The Age of Reason* went through many editions in America and sold well for years despite the most strenuous efforts of Protestant ministers to turn people against it. It was read with delight by college students at Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth, and with such effect (for example) that at Dartmouth in 1799 a young man reported that only a single member of his class "was publicly known as a professing Christian." Jefferson, Paine's good friend, avoided the obloquy of anti-deists by paying homage to Christian ethics (quite aside from theology) as "the most benevolent and sublime probably that has ever been taught"; but the Reverend Jedidiah Champion, of Litchfield, Connecticut, knew what he was about when he prayed, shortly after Jefferson's election to executive office in 1796: "O Lord! wilt Thou bestow upon the Vice President a double portion of Thy grace, for *Thou knowest he needs it.*"

Yet Jefferson's triumph at the polls in 1800 was in spite of, not because of, his religious rationalism. The Federalists made all they could of his "infidelity" during the campaign; yet the irony is that he was propelled into the White House by a wave of democratic feeling that had nothing to do with rationalist religion. The so-called Second Great Awakening was beginning to roll at the turn of the century, and one of its notable characteristics was the democratizing, in a very different sense, of religion. Hundreds of thousands responded to the appeal of an intensely emotional religious movement.

This "orgy of conversion," as Perry Miller has called it, was far more effective in combatting the heresy of *The Age of Reason* than any of the analytical rebuttals turned out with furious energy by intellectual Congregational and Pres-

A Campus in Summer

A CAMPUS in summer should be like something from Tennyson—
Languid, shadowed, a dream of charmed halls,
Where progress, culture and so forth are dispensed to none,
And silence gently falls on old book stalls.

It should not be ruffled by learning—or even by classes,
But should rest after winter traumas, refurbish its air.
It should let its grass and tradition grow. Who harasses
That slumbrous scene is a (Russian) square.

Then fall, when it comes, may be out of Tennyson too—
A braying of strivers and seekers fresh from repose
Clambering into their ivy-clad ketch to renew
Their trip o'er the sounding furrows toward all those

Tennysonian isles where (with a wind)
Cheerily they may arrive, three months behind.

REED WHITEMORE

byterian divines. The thousands of converts who moaned and rolled on the ground at camp meetings in Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas while itinerant preachers ranted incoherently about man's depravity, were far beyond the reach, in any case, of Tom Paine's discourse. Yet when it came to politics, most of these same enthusiasts voted steadfastly for the Jeffersonian party.

Thus the President who represented more fully than any other in our history the ideas of the Enlightenment, and specifically Tom Paine's deistic rejection of revealed religion as incompatible with democracy, was helped into office by a populace who saw no paradox in the combination of anti-intellectual religious fervor with government by consent of the governed.

The Suburbs of Babylon

by Irving Howe

WHAT many writers spend a lifetime searching for—a unique voice, a secure rhythm, a distinctive subject—seem to have come to Philip Roth totally and immediately. At 26 he is a writer of narrow range but intense effects. He composes stories about the life of middle-class American Jews with a ferocity it would be idle to

concern the moral and psychic consequences of the great transformation in American Jewish life: the transformation from proletarian immigrant poverty to middle class suburban comfort, which has all too often meant, from tragi-comic intensities to a dreary slackness. It is a theme which allows for as full a play of satire and as rich a notation of manners as the contrast between established gentry and ambitious climbers gave 19th Century English novelists. Yet it has seldom been worked with anything like a similar success, mainly because American Jewish writers have been caught up in a crippling problem of involvement. The subject proves to be both terribly close—finally, it's about one's mama and papa—and frustratingly transient—it has all occurred within a few decades and now it's almost over, the conflicts of value and generation resolved badly, the memories curdled, the pain dulled.

In the title story of *Goodbye, Columbus*—it's really a short novel—Mr. Roth focuses upon a Jewish young man in Newark, Neil Klugman, who works in a public library to see himself through college, lives with his plain, anxious Aunt Gladys (she, relic, goes to Workmen's Circle picnics) and as his name ("Cleverfellow") suggests, is a budding intellectual. One gathers that in some sense Neil is a version of the author, yet Mr. Roth, to his credit, presents Neil with a matter-of-fact detachment which eliminates chances for self-pity.

Neil meets up with Brenda Patimkin, a sleek and likable Radcliffe girl, the daughter of a Jewish *alrightnik*, which is to say, a manufacturer of sinks who used to sweat in the Newark slums but having made his pile, now lives in a green suburb. There follows a nervous

summer romance between Neil and Brenda, through which Mr. Roth skillfully—I suppose the word had better be, ruthlessly—charts the varieties of amiable vulgarity, *arriviste* snobbism and sheer mindlessness to be found in the world of the Patimkins. Mr. Roth is more tender, though equally successful, at evoking the eager heavy sexuality of the girl as it registers upon and stirs up the ambitious boy. Brenda's sense of social place enables her, somewhat like Daisy Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*, to come through unscathed from the break-up of the affair, for it is this sense of social place—of money, family, security—which permits her to take emotional risks without quite knowing that they are risks.

("The rich are different," said Fitzgerald. "Yes, they have more money," answered Hemingway, thinking he had scored a knockout when he had merely swung wild. For what in America could so make for a sense of "difference" as having more money?)

The best parts of "Goodbye, Columbus," done with a deadpan malicious accuracy, are those in which Mr. Roth sketches the manners and morals of the Patimkins. It is harsh but alas, true, the father barging through life with his rough, mean sentimentality, the mother coolly quizzing Neil as to whether he is Orthodox, Conservative or Reform, and the brother, more gentile than the gentiles, fulfilling the bonehead pattern of the All-American boy.

To the uninformed reader all of this might seem to verge on caricature, but I think it is ferociously exact. Indeed, that is the trouble: it is too exact, too close to surface realities, there is not enough imaginative transformation. Mr. Roth is dedicated to a kind of mimetic revenge, with the result that about two-thirds of the way through "Goodbye Columbus" one feels a drop of interest. For anyone familiar with the Patimkin world the outcome of the story is as predictable as the life of one's cousin.

In Mr. Roth's other stories, arresting as they are, one finds similar difficulties. The main reason for this repeated drop of interest is that Mr. Roth is a writer concerning whom the much-abused adjective "compulsive" seems really to apply. All of his stories use their subjects as targets; all drive openly to moral conclusions, hammered out with aggressive

Goodbye, Columbus
by Philip Roth
(Houghton, Mifflin; \$3.75).

complain about, so thoroughly do they pour out of his own sense of things.

Mr. Roth's stories do not yield pleasure as much as produce a squirm of recognition: surely, one feels, not all of American Jewish life is like this, but all too much of it is becoming so. Anyone who might object to these stories insofar as they are "reports" about a style of life cannot do it on the ground that Mr. Roth is hard-spirited—for given his material what else can he be?—or that he is unskilled—for, like so many other young writers these days, he has quickly absorbed the lessons of modern craftsmanship, perhaps a bit too quickly. If one is to object to these stories on non-literary grounds, out of a concern for the feelings or reputation of middle class American Jews, it can be done only by charging that, in effect, Mr. Roth is a liar. And that, I am convinced, he is not.

Like any lively new writer, Mr. Roth takes his place in a tradition and, because he has something fresh to say, helps extend and transform it. But, for reasons I shall come to, he may be helping to collapse it. There is by now a considerable number of novelists and story writers who take as their dominant

intent; and as Alfred Kazin has remarked in a shrewd review, some of them are too easily absorbed in the "points" they make, leaving little to contemplate except these "points."

Given Mr. Roth's skill and intelligence, why should this be so? I think a possible answer may be that in his stories he cannot find sufficiently energetic and supple forces to resist the spiritual corrosion of Jewish middle-class life. That he personally has discovered some basis for resistance is obvious from the fact that he writes at all; but he does not manage to embody this resistance with enough vigor in the stories themselves.

Perhaps the reason for this is that Mr. Roth, while emotionally involved with his subject, is one of the first American Jewish writers who finds, so far as I can judge, almost no sustenance in the Jewish tradition. Writers like Henry Roth, Daniel Fuchs, Delmore Schwartz and Bernard Malamud have also dealt harshly with the life of middle-class American Jews, but to one or another extent the terms of their attack have

been drawn from memories of Jewish childhood and family life, from the values of the Jewish tradition. Mr. Roth, however, finds little here to sustain him; he does not remember or think it significant that Neil's Aunt Gladys may once have been a Yiddishist firebrand or a trade union enthusiast; and for this, I suppose, he can hardly be blamed: the memory is growing dim.

It is possible that this signifies the end of a tradition, the closing of an arc of American Jewish experience. If so, it is a saddening thought, since it is hard to see what new sources of value are likely to replace the Yiddishist tradition and American Jewish *milieu* at its best,

against which many of us rebelled but which, by shaping the nature of our rebellion, helped to give meaning to our lives.

Still, none of this should detract from Mr. Roth's achievement. Nor should it give an inch of encouragement to those in the "Jewish community" who have begun to mutter against his book as an instance of "self-hatred." Even if only a fraction of what Mr. Roth portrays is true, it ought to create the most intense heart-searching among the very people who will soon be hectoring him. For in his own way he is echoing the lines: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down/And wept when we remembered Zion."

Up the Social Ladder

by Donald Cook

THE TOPIC of social class in the United States has an uneasy place in our awareness, and its analysis has an uneven history. Lord Bryce wrote, in 1906: "The total absence of rank and universal acceptance of equality do not, however, prevent the existence of grades and distinctions which, though they find no tangible expression, are sometimes as sharply drawn as in Europe." This ob-

The Status Seekers
by Vance Packard
(McKay; \$4)

servation phrases a central problem of America; but it also illustrates the difficulty encountered in talking about it: how can a distinction be sharply drawn, and yet have no tangible expression? The rich tradition of European analysis seemed somehow inappropriate to us. Its concern with legally sanctioned hereditary privileges in public and private law, or with the consolidated power of overlapping institutions such as church and state, seemed irrelevant to an American egalitarianism. Both the elitist and the radical variants reflected problems not salient in a frontier economy.

Early American sociology developed no explicit analysis of class. Seeing the results of industrialization and urbanization, it concerned itself with problems: poverty, unemployment, crime, child labor. Enlargement of opportunity was a strongly held value, backed by an evolu-

tionary view of progress and to be aided by melioristic intervention.

The 1920's saw the beginning of a change. Sorokin's *Social Mobility* appeared in 1927, to be followed a year later by the Chapin Scale. Perhaps the first instrument for measuring an aspect of social status, its purpose was to provide a "measure of the home environment for foster homes." In 1929 *Middletown* was published, the first in a series of studies of total communities whose literature was later to grow.

But material potentially of interest to students of stratification was still shunted elsewhere. Thanks to the IQ test, psychology ("social biology") was torn by conflicts set off by problems of Negroes and immigrants. Another area, that of the labor-radical movement, stayed in the hands of economists.

The appearance in 1937 of Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* heralded a new torrent of material, much of it collected during the late '30's, which began to appear during the war years. *Deep South*, the studies of Newburyport by Warner and his associates, Myrdal's *American Dilemma*, West's *Plainville U.S.A.*, all dealing with social classes, ethnic and national groups, and their stratifications and status problems, were published before the war ended. Techniques of measuring social status were developed and compared; theory proceeded apace.

A new note was introduced in 1948

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by Kinsey's data on males: social class variables governed not only public behavior but the most private as well, where a man would like to see himself as uniquely personal.

With the growing recognition of the extent of stratification in our society, interest developed in the very young. *Children of Brasstown* (1949) and *Elmtown's Youth* (1950) study the impact of a community's social classes upon the developing outlook and behavior of children.

The year 1952 saw two annotated bibliographies of writings on social class, to be followed a year later by the mammoth compilation by Bendix and Lipset, *Class, Status, Power: a Reader in Social Stratification*. And finally, in the same year, an account especially written (by the Warners) for young people, "What you should know about social class," was published in a series of Life Adjustment booklets.

A growing literature of self-conscious examination has recently developed for the general reader. *The Organization Man* and *The Lonely Crowd* are examples. Such books are not only about class and stratification in America: their authors are evidently troubled and their readers show conflicting attitudes which suggest that the whole process of self-examination is a symptom of changes in the nature of stratification in this country.

To such a list may now be added Vance Packard's *The Status Seekers*, which has climbed in a very few weeks to a high position on the bestseller list. Its subtitle is "an exploration of class behavior in America and the hidden barriers that affect you, your community, your future." I would like to enter a strong vote of approval for this work, and will say below why I feel this remark is necessary. Packard has drawn heavily upon the literature of sociology

and social psychology. Omitting the tables of data, the statistical tests, the technical hedging, the broad lines of the argument are rich with anecdotes, instances, quotations from interviews. These have a cumulative effect which is disturbingly strong. I have been teaching this kind of material for nearly a decade, and have had plenty of experience with classroom anger and resistance to its presentation; yet I found myself upset in more than a few places. Thirteen chapters track down the control of our behavior by status symbols in these areas: homes; address; occupation; corporate organizations; spending and buying; "informal" patterns such as speaking, drinking, eating, recreation and leisure; sex roles and behavior; friendship patterns and entertaining; clubs and organizations; religious membership; voting patterns; and the valuation and aims of education.

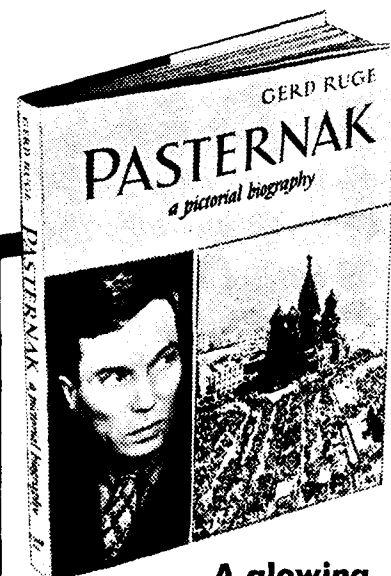
I think the book will be widely read and simultaneously resisted—remember the Kinsey Report? It will be said that bitterness is not becoming and youth wears it least well, that we've known all this since Babbitt and have moved on from there, that it applies to the others only, etc., etc. The scholar may sniff at Packard's vernacular sincerity. Packard will be accused of muckraking, and will be assigned "his proper place" from the vantage point of "higher understanding." Avid readers will be calm, lofty debunkers.

It is important to say that Packard does not merely rehash other people's work. The material, including much of his own, is well organized to support a thesis, which goes briefly like this: a number of factors, such as prosperity and technological change, have blurred the old clear distinctions between middle and lower classes. Skilled technicians, formerly blue-collar, are surpassing the clerical fringe of respectable white collar groups, and threatening their claim to formerly scarce symbols of status: cars, homes, clothes. Thus we have the reactionary ferment of the once-stable limited-success class and their new suburban neighbors, unsure of the distance between them and the "real lower class" (especially Negroes) swarming into the cities they have fled from. At the upper level the line between upper middle class and lower-uppers is blurring with the emergence of a "diploma elite" of

college-trained technicians, professionals, bureaucrats, symbol-manipulators. The new uncrossable break cuts through what used to be the middle class, and a new and impervious stratification barrier is forming, reflected in all patterns of association (especially in mutually isolating one-class neighborhoods).

Parts of this trend have been noticed before, as in C. Wright Mills' *White Collar*. Despite countertrends, noted fairly by Packard, his case is a good one. The complications introduced into a class layering system by the partially crossing grids of ethnic, religious and racial origins are for the most part adequately covered. A special chapter on the Jews, however, shows Packard at his most naïve (he has not really mastered the literature in this massive area) and self-conscious (a few embarrassing protestations of the innocent Gentile).

The two strongest points of the book are: first, that it documents the pervasiveness of stratification in America with a barrage of flavorful anecdotes (one of the most extreme is that of the man of



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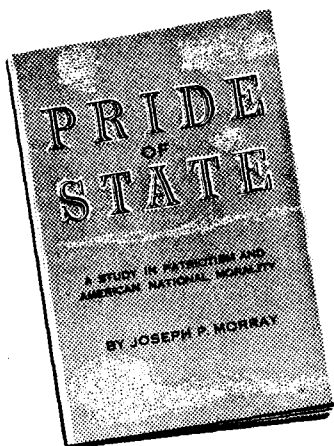
Summer Schedule

FOR A short time each summer, *The New Republic* is published every other week. This year, summer issues will be dated July 6, July 13, July 27, August 10 and August 24. Weekly publication will be resumed on September 7.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Ugly American in his own back yard . . .



By
Joseph P. Morray

A STUDY IN PATRIOTISM AND AMERICAN NATIONAL MORALITY

Is patriotism dangerous? Should it be individual, national or international in concept? Does love of country imply love of mankind?

Mr. Morray's answers to these and other questions are set forth provocatively in a book that analyzes the social roots of patriotism and its psychology, both national and individual. Probing the relationship of patriotism to capitalism . . . to socialism . . . to communism . . . to civil liberties, he questions vigorously America's "official" position in these areas. *Pride of State* was inspired by the super-patriotism that arose during McCarthy's reign. It neither sugar-coats nor assails the patriotic impulse; rather, it is a plea to temper emotional patriotism with intellectual understanding.

"A perceptive analysis of patriotism, its psychology, its morality, its relation to authority, its action in the United States in respect to capitalism, civil liberties, and militarism, and its significance to the idea of a world community. Throughout, its dangers are stressed."

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humble origin who had arrived in wealthy circles, and who subsequently re-buried his parents in a higher class cemetery); and second, that it presents a strong thesis concerning the blurring between blue and white collar employees and the new cleavage between white collar and "diploma elite."

But there are two major inadequacies I can think of that prevent the book from being a permanent contribution to social analysis, even at the popular level. One is that Packard gingerly avoids discussion of the relation between class stratification and power—real decision making, political power. His analysis of the new scramblings going on in the middle groups of our society omits consideration not only of the remaining lower class dregs, but also of the top of the pinnacle—C. Wright Mills' *Power Elite*. In the absence of such connective tissue, a kind of "so what?" feeling develops which Packard himself seems to avoid exploring thoroughly.

Further, Packard's own American ideals prevent seeing all of the implications of some of his own recommendations which come at the end of the book. He proposes a set of minor exercises in inter-class understanding which it seems to me can do no more than generate condescensions and embarrassments on all sides, while not touching at all the problems of power, money, family background, and ideology which maintain distinctions between groups of people. His second major recommendation is for a more flexible recruitment system, primarily through education, through which "people of talent" may rise to their capacity. This program is really part of the democratic dream, and is in fact,

being implemented in England since the 1944 act and in the United States since the 1958 act, giving federal aid for schooling to promising youngsters. The results of the earlier act in England have been not altogether happy, and some writers feel that the phenomenon of the "angry young men" is a by-product of sudden mobility of this sort.

Accumulating data in the social sciences suggest that identification of talent, if pushed into very early years, is not really identification at all, but rather, the *creation* of talent. Simply to prevent opportunities for young, talented people, without taking the next step of creating in these people the motivation to utilize these opportunities, creates strain, discrepancies between aspiration and effective behavior, and other kinds of personal, social, and even psychiatric dislocation. To recognize these implications and go the whole way is to accept the solution of Plato's *Republic*, or even of Huxley's *Brave New World*, in which talent is socially manufactured, rather than merely selected. There are indications that America, under the pressure of cold war panic, is attempting to move in this direction in education. The end result of such a process is the creation of a class system according to pre-determined ends, which puts us right back where we started from.

Americans can apparently be stirred up from time to time with information about misapplications or excesses in the social control of behavior. But it seems a much more difficult task to develop understanding of the inescapable fact of social control in one form or another, and from there to enter the realm of true social philosophy.

A Rat of Habit

HE BLUNDERS through frustration's passageways,
dejected by the expected rearranged,
his fur a fear from which eyes redly gaze,
a rat of habit in a maze of change.
The nightmare floors, the doors of horror lead,
seemingly scentward, only to where he was,
and no exposure of his twitching teeth,
no tail or whisker tic evokes the cheese.
Standing on two pink feet and sleek to sniff,
or done with cunning, running in a rage,
the useless mirror of his yesterdays
splintering inward, it is as if
a god of anger whimmed those walled-in ways,
some human hunger maddened in that maze.

HAROLD WITT

TELEVISION

Educators and Entertainers

HOW LIKE a womb it is, with the thermostat up, the lights down low, nothing expected of one, and dim, indistinct, mildly pleasurable sensations emanating from the umbilical TV screen. The simile is not far fetched—any psychiatrist has a few patients who retreat into movie theatres or compulsive TV watching. To interrupt this reverie with something exciting, interesting or moving, symbolically rips the viewer from the womb.

Therein lies a dilemma of educational television. It is that education, beyond being training and indoctrination, is the birth of awareness, a stretching and broadening of the mind that can be as painful and violent as stretching an undersize boot. This puts the commercial networks in a difficult position, since an educational program that really performed would destroy the very situation they live by creating. Imagine Lawrence Welk at 7:00, Pablo Casals at 7:30, followed by Spade Cooley, leading into Schweitzer and Oppenheimer talking about the bomb, and you have a fair notion of what a network programming director is paid to avoid.

The solution that everyone, including the serious minded, seems to accept without question is that educators should resign the battle and retire to their own separate educational network. It is a questionable idea, for some commercial programs have been sensationally educational, and good intentions alone will not prevent educational networks from making shows as contrived and rotten with contempt for the audience as any of the worst commercial shows.

Morally, all of television should be educational in the pure sense, and realistically it is. Education mingles indistinguishably with life on commercial television when we insist Westerns prove highly moral points, and speak of Ed Sullivan as an exemplar of American taste. We expect television to reflect the cheeriness, the optimism and aggressiveness we assume to be part of the American ethos, a cultural model of what we expect children to do and be and look like and talk like. Thus in a primitive fashion we do shape our diversions to educational ends. So far the problems of

financing an educational network have spared us the task of imagining what could be solely educational and what entertaining or tackling puzzlers like whether educational TV should be dull so we can be sure it's not entertainment.

In the meantime the assault on the mind and emotions of the man in the living-womb is carried on from various points of view, ranging from the Bell Telephone Science Series' attempts to charm him into interest in serious things, to Leonard Bernstein, who, in showbiz terms, belts him. Both of these shows suggest a great deal about television as an instrument for education, but only Dr. Harvey E. White, on NBC's *Continental Classroom*, seems to me to need a separate network.

Dr. White conducts a well planned, fluent and neatly executed series of lectures on physics illustrated by simple experiments. He makes no effort to popularize. So far as I am equipped to judge, his class is about what one would expect in a good college elementary physics course. About a quarter of a million people watch the lectures at 6:30 in the morning five days a week. NBC-TV has reduced this to meaningful figures: it would take Dr. White about 1,300 years to teach them all physics in normal classes.

This, I suppose, is pure education, but I wonder if physics is entirely unentertaining to those who take a serious interest in it. I think of Oppenheimer reading himself to sleep with Sir James Jeans.

AN audience of even a million is not enough to pay for Dr. White's program 5-days a week, and so unquestionably an educational network is needed for this sort of thing. But one hopes Dr. White's straightforwardness will not be crowded off the NBC channel by the thinly disguised commercial thinking behind the Bell Telephone Series: the idea that television should be used to *sell* education to the public.

The Bell series is produced by Frank Capra, noted as a director of spritely movie comedies of the late thirties. The programs are conducted in an atmosphere of chummy informality, intended

to disarm the folks and slip the unpalatable ideas and facts into their minds while they're thinking about something else. "Hey, Doc?" says a voice, "what's that gadget?" "That's a radio drop sonde," replies Dr. Frank Baxter, his tin rims settling down his nose a little. You get the feeling about Dr. Baxter that he bowls to relax his mind from the heavy stuff in the *Readers' Digest*. To teach us about weather, Mr. Capra's cinemagic makes the sun smile and drive out the glowering clouds: Dr. Baxter chats with some gods and goddesses of the weather, and the Coriolis effect, arising from the transport of angular momentum, is explained by an elaborate demonstration on a carousel. There is only one difficulty: people who are capable of being entertained by a carousel don't give a damn about the Coriolis effect, and the people who want to understand about the transport of angular momentum are already past need of Capra and a roomful of animators to make it smile at them.

THERE is something more sinister at work here; Capra's approach does not take science seriously, because it assumes that there are no things that can't be explained to dull people if you try hard enough. But the theory of relativity cannot be explained in baby talk, and there is no point in trying. I sense also a fundamental contempt for the audience that is probably unconscious in Capra, but is nonetheless offensive. It is a contempt educationalists commonly share with agents and advertisers and producers of horror movies, and was put into words for the commercial debasers by one of Hollywood's better writers, Dudley Nichols: "Words are not entertaining for the mass, who need simpler images."

What simple images? In the name of this formula advertisers timidly water their tragedy to melodrama and turn comedy to farce, and producers of audiovisual education flatten everything into friendly acceptability. The writers of this sort of stuff measure their style by the number of words in their sentences, and the announcers train themselves to speak without accent, personality, or passion.

Ed Murrow, a conspicuous personality who is unquestionably educative and entertaining, once searched for the simple dramatic image to illustrate the

power in a fistful of uranium. He showed film of 2800 loaded coal cars in a switching yard, and cut away to a shot of a small piece of enriched uranium beside a typewriter. After it came a ten minute interview with Admiral Rickover, a man, in Murrow's words, with "fire in his belly," and so far as Murrow could discover no one ever noticed the coal cars or the uranium. They remembered the simple image of Rickover, a complicated man, talking with conviction and force.

Leonard Bernstein's music programs I am unequipped to judge in terms of musicianship, but I know good entertainment when I see it. Bernstein does not patronize or compromise, his violins do not smile and his muses are not consulted in folksy chit chat. Bernstein loves music, and he seems happier for it: I recognize in him the strongest incentive to learning—seeing in the teacher a pleasure and passion growing from knowledge he has to impart. I would like to share Bernstein's wealth. I have a feeling this is what great teaching is based on, and that television is the place for great teachers. While Capra gropes for some way of luring people into being interested in what he wants to tell them, Bernstein has the audience reaching out to him. It is a method that defies analysis in terms of simple images.

Mr. White and his unbending academic lot need a special network to serve their small and special few, while Bernstein is a great popularizer, and like all such, entertaining enough to hold his own in a commercial market. It would be a piece of mad public relations to put him on an educational station where millions would never bother to look at him. As for the labored and patronizing Bell Series, it seems to me there is really no place at all. It tries to span Dr. Harvey and Mr. Bernstein with no idea of its own. It is, in fact, a commercial without even the taste or good sense to adapt its style and level to what it is trying to sell.

FRANK R. PIERSON

Notes on Contributors

E. M. HALLIDAY is on the faculty of North Carolina State College. REED WHITTEMORE has published a volume of his poetry. DONALD COOK is engaged in psychological research.

MOVIES

Death in Two Sizes

THE CLASSIC in modern dress, an old stunt in the theatre, has been attempted twice this year in films, and both times with the same classic—*Crime and Punishment*. The first version was French, and its Raskolnikov was a Sartrean youth in a duffel coat pursued by Jean Gabin, whose Porfiry Petrovitch was indistinguishable from his Inspector Maigret. The film pawed at the out-

Crime and Punishment, USA
(Allied Artists)
Pork Chop Hill
(United Artists)

side of the novel, laboriously pushing the camera into its hero's face but not into the heart of Dostoevsky's mystery.

Now comes an American version (inexpertly titled *Crime and Punishment, USA* to make it sound like one of a TV series) which, in its modest way, comes somewhat closer to evoking the effect of the novel with contemporary means. It was produced by Terry Sanders and directed by Denis Sanders, two brothers whose short film *A Time Out of War* has won several prizes here and abroad. This new picture was shot in and around Venice, California, and the camera work of Floyd Crosby makes the stucco bungalows and asphalt streets almost as sinister as the slums of St. Petersburg.

This sort of film, produced on a very small budget and without imperial auspices, is perhaps the cinema equivalent of the off-Broadway play; and the off-Hollywood picture suffers the same besetting fault as its theatre equivalent. No matter how worthy the idea, how valid the revolt against sclerotic conditions of production, the artistic level of the performance is, usually, markedly low. There just isn't enough money to get the right actors (not, by any means, necessarily stars). This present film's techniques are generally satisfactory, the script is reasonably workable, but the acting is poor and clumsy. Only John Harding, in the character modeled on Svidrigailov, is effective.

But the best film derived from a long novel of internal process is doomed to incomplete success. Essentially the film

reduces the novel to its story line and some of its dialogue; and a close-up of a moody young man, no matter how well photographed, no matter how good the actor, is not the equivalent of a couple of pages of Dostoevsky's prose. Some works are not inherently dramatizable. *Crime and Punishment* and *Macbeth* both deal with murder and the murderer's mortification, but only one of them was conceived in terms of external projection.

Further, modern versions of classics are generally more clever than convincing because the very term "classic" means a timeless work, thus one that need not be transplanted. Yet, by reason of its attendant skills and an innocent, unpretentious earnestness of address, this picture is a moderately interesting attempt to state the material of a vast symphony with a small jazz combination.

WAR continues to be hell in films, quite convincingly so in *Pork Chop Hill*, which was directed by Lewis Milestone, who made the memorable *All Quiet on the Western Front* in 1930. This picture is based on S. L. A. Marshall's book about an action of the Korean War fought while truce talks were going on 70 miles away. The extra bitterness of the occasion is that the battle had to be won in order to secure the truce, and every man on the blood-drenched hill knew that, if he was killed, it would be just this side of the peace.

The film is a lucid and thorough dramatization of one specific action. Gregory Peck as the American leader gives us his customary mastication when asked to express emotion, but Milestone has made the combat harsh and dirty—not a collection of carefully planted explosions on a studio back lot. One particularly striking sequence is that in which the outnumbered Americans are given a surrender deadline over the Chinese loudspeaker; and while the Chinese wait for an answer, the loudspeaker plays the most gooey of American popular records. The effect is shockingly obscene. The music's cheap incongruity somehow mocks the deaths there have been and the courage of the trapped men.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

valid point against him, and then blithely ignores it in its conclusion that the nation will not be "grievously" damaged if he is permitted to remain in the cabinet.

It seems clear that most people, including representatives in Congress, are prone to forget who members of Congress actually are. They are the representatives of the people and the people are the source of all power. I doubt that any member of the Executive branch ought to be allowed to serve without the confidence of the representatives of the people. It seems obvious that Admiral Strauss lacks the confidence of a great part if not a majority of the Congress. And that is because he is not trusted to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He tells some kind of truth, doubtless, but anyone who has heard him testify would have doubts about the "whole truth."

The point you make and then drop, is that Admiral Strauss is perfectly capable of making his own foreign policy, the State Department notwithstanding. Trade happens to be one of the few areas in which it is possible to negotiate fruitfully with the Soviet Union. It is a means to peace. Yet Admiral Strauss, as you note, is already putting his judgment ahead of any other. And if that is not a grievous danger I do not know what it is.

CHARLES ALLDREDGE
Washington, D. C.

► A UN Documentary Film

SIRS:

STANLEY KAUFFMANN, whose power to evaluate commercial films has always seemed to me to be impeccable, gives a somewhat jaundiced view, in your issue of June 1, of the UN documentary, *Power Among Men*. I cannot agree that its four episodes failed to make a coherent statement. "What a piece of work is man," says the narrator and the film shows us through each epi-

sode how, "Like a God," man can create through co-operation, against a background of his devilish power to destroy. Just as the movements of a symphony have their separate accents and urgencies so do the movements of this composition. And the total message is implicitly resolved in the final chords.

Mr. Kauffmann's suggestion that the producer never quite decided whether he was making the film for high school students, sequestered peasants or reasonably informed world citizens shows a curious failure to appreciate the producer's intention which, quite obviously, must be to make a film of universal appeal. And on the technical side Mr. Kauffmann is less than just. The camera work is superb throughout. One scene for example—a shot of a little Italian boy, who had learned English from American soldiers, being handed over the heads of a crowd to act as interpreter—had a curiously moving impact.

Power Among Men says something of tremendous importance beautifully, movingly and compellingly. Surely such a film should be seen all over the world. It has been sold for commercial release, I believe, in England, much of Europe and in Canada—but not, so far, in this country. . . . I think it was unfortunate that Mr. Kauffmann was not in a more receptive mood when he saw *Power Among Men*.

ALAN NAPIER

Pacific Palisades, Calif.

► Running the Gauntlet

SIRS:

IN the June 1 *NR* we are informed editorially that "A broad housing bill got past a gauntlet of Republican and Democratic conservatives with only one bad bruise. . . ." No doubt it is possible to get a bruise from passing a gauntlet. You might keep looking back, wondering whether you did right in passing it by—it being the nature of gauntlets to be thrown down in order that someone may snatch them up—and walk into a door jamb while your head is turned. Still, any experienced gauntlet-runner would contend that his is the more hazardous method of getting about. A bill that manages to acquire a bruise from a gauntlet, particularly a gauntlet left to lie where found, just doesn't know its way around the House.

D. L. HARLEY

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